NUMB. CLXXI.

The GUARDIAN.

Fuit iſta quondam in hâc republicâ Virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus ſuppliciis civem perniciosum, quàm acerbiſſimum hoſtem coërcerent. Cicer. in Catilin.

Saturday, September 26. 1713.

I Have received Letters of Congratulation and Thanks from ſeveral of the moſt eminent Chocolate-houſes and Coffee-houſes, upon my late Gallantry and Succeſs in oppoſing my ſelf to the long Swords. One tells me, that whereas his Rooms were too little before, now his Cuſtomers can ſaunter up and down from Corner to Corner, and Table to Table, without any Lett or Moleſtation. I find I have likewiſe cleared a great many Alleys and By-Lanes, made the Publick Walks about Town more ſpacious, and all the Paſſages about the Court and the *Exchange* more free and open. Several of my Female Wards have ſent me the kindeſt Billets upon this occaſion, in which they tell me, that I have ſaved them ſome Pounds in the Year, by freeing their Fallbullows, Flounces and Hoops from the Annoyance both of Hilt and Point. A Scout, whom I ſent Abroad to obſerve the Poſture, and to pry into the Intentions of the Enemy, brings me word, that the *Terrible Club* is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the Men that ſeemed to delight in Arms. My Lion, whoſe Jaws are at all Hours open to Intelligence, informs me, that there are a few enormous Weapons ſtill in Being; but that they are to be met with only in Gaming Houſes, and ſome of the obſcure Retreats of Lovers in and about *Drury-lane* and *Covent-Garden*. I am highly delighted with an Adventure that befel my witty Antagoniſt *Tom Swagger*, Captain of the Band of Long Swords. He had the Misfortune three Days ago to fall into Company with a Maſter of the Noble Science of Defence, who taking Mr. *Swagger*, by his Habit, his Mein, and the Airs he gave himſelf, to be one of the Profeſſion, gave him a fair Invitation to *Marrow-bone*, to exerciſe at the uſual Weapons. The Captain thought this ſo foul a Diſgrace to a Gentleman, that he ſlunk away in the greateſt Confuſion, and has never been ſeen ſince at the *Tilt-yard* Coffee-houſe, nor in any of his uſual Haunts.

(Price Two Pence.)

As there is nothing made in vain, and as every Plant, and every Animal, though never ſo noyſom, has its uſe in the Creation; ſo theſe Men of Terror may be diſpoſed of, ſo as to make a Figure in the Polite World. It was in this view, that I received a Viſit laſt Night from a Perſon, who pretends to be employed here from ſeveral Foreign Princes in Negotiating Matters of leſs Importance. He tells me, that the continual Wars in *Europe* have, in a manner, quite drained the *Cantons* of *Swiſſerland* of their Supernumerary Subjects; and that he foreſees there will be a great Scarcity of them to ſerve at the Entrance of Courts, and in the Palaces of great Men. He is of Opinion, this Want may very ſeaſonably be ſupplied out of the great Numbers of ſuch Gentlemen, as I have given Notice of in my Paper of the 25th paſt; and that his Deſign is in a few Weeks, when the Town fills, to put out publick Advertiſements to this Effect, not queſtioning but it may turn to a good Account; 'That if any Perſons of 'goodly Stature and fierce Demeanor, as well 'Members of the *Terrible Club*, as others of the 'like exteriour Ferocity, whoſe Ambition it is to 'cock and look big, without expoſing themſelves 'to any bodily Danger, will repair to his Lodgings, 'they ſhall (provided they bring their Swords with 'them) be furniſhed with Shoulder Belts, broad 'Hats, Red Feathers, and Halberts, and be tranſ-'ported without farther Trouble into ſeveral Courts 'and Families of Diſtinction, where they may Eat 'and Drink, and Strut at free Coſt. As this Project was not communicated to me for a Secret, I thought it